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Great Britain:

OR, THE

HAPPY ISLE.

A

POEM.

——*Dives opum, ſtudiiſq; aſperrima belli.*
Virgil. Æneid. I.

By *William Goldwin*, A. B. Fellow of *Kings College* in *Cambridge*.

LONDON,
Printed by *Fr. Leach*, and Sold by *B. Bragg*, at the *Blue Ball* in *Ave-Mary-Lane*. 1705. 5. *Jun.*

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Great Britain, &c.

TO Sing of *Albion*'s Great and Happy Isle,
Amply enrich'd with Fruitful Nature's Smile;
Of Mighty Kings and Mighty Battels fought,
And Laurels fresh from Rescu'd Empires brought:
Of *Anne*'s Successful Days, and *Malbro's* Fights,
My Virgin Muse attempts its daring flights.

Great *Sol*, that hear'st, within thy Spacious Round,
Britannia's Fame thro distant Realms resound;
Thou God of Verse in larger Beams dispence
The Rays of thy Poetick Influence;
That Lofty Deeds may rise in Lofty Verse,
And Mighty Wars proportion'd Strains rehearse:
For who with Common Gifts can fully tell
How *Malbrough* Fought, how haughty *Lewis* Fell,
When *Suabia* view'd, at *Hochstet*'s Fatal Plain,
An Army Captive, and an Army Slain?

There stands a Isle, for Wealth and Arms renown'd,
With two of Nature's Choicest Blessings crown'd;
A Fertile Soil, a Fierce Courageous Race,
(The last the Noblest Product of the Place;)
Hero's design'd for Wars Laborious Toyls,
To fetch from Foreign Climes Triumphant Spoyls.
Th' encircling Sea, bedeckt with Navies, glides,
Imprinting Kisses on its Rocky sides;

Whoſe tutelary Waves, kind Nature's Skreen,
Paying Submiſſive Homage to their *Queen*,
With riſing Floods this little World inveſt;
A World with Freedom, and an *Anna* bleſt.

Ægean Streams, with numerous Iſlands grac'd,
Like Spangling Stars, in Scatter'd Order plac'd.
Go, tell, How *Samos Juno*'s Favour boaſts,
How *Phœbus* always gilds the *Rhodian* Coaſts:
But if *Britannia* riſe, you muſt confeſs,
Your Iſles in Number more, in Glory leſs;
A greater *Juno* in our Realm preſides,
Whilſt *Anne* Commands, whilſt *Anne* the Scepter guides.
Apollo riſing from his Eaſtern Bed,
Survey'd her Throne, and Bluſht in Native Red;
He Bluſht to ſee his Radiant Beams outſhone
By this New Light, this Gracious Riſing Sun;
A Riſing Sun, whom diſtant States adore
With Coſtly Gifts, Indulgent Nature's ſtore;
Striving their Wealth on *Britiſh* Shores to lay,
And *Anne* an Univerſal Tribute pay.
The *Ruſſian Czar*, from *Volga*'s Rapid Streams,
Tranſports the North's encreaſe to gentle *Thames*;
Induſtrious to oblige that Gen'rous Throne,
That lately Taught him how to Rule his own;
When Snowy Hills the Roving Prince forſook,
And thro wide States a noble Journey took,
Deſpiſing *France*, he ſought a better Land,
To learn the Warriers Art from *Naſſau*'s Hand.
Great *Africk* too, enrich'd with Plenteous ſtore,
Inlaid in Golden Veins of ſhining Ore,
On *Albion*'s Banks ſpreads all her glitt'ring Charms,
And ſeems to Bribe Victorious *Anna*'s Arms;
For when loud Peals the Thundring Guns repeat
From *Calpe*'s Rocks, ſubdu'd by *England*'s Fleet;
Where Stubborn Force repell'd United Foes,
She dreads our Wars, and fears new *Scipio*'s;

And as *Britannia*'s Flag Triumphant flies
On Conquer'd Ramparts, ſtreaming to the Skies,
(Defying Feeble *Spain*, and Haughty *Gaul*,
Sure Omen of Uſurping *Philip*'s Fall.)
The Painted *Lyon* ſtrikes a greater dread
Than all the Savage Race in *Africk* bred:
But when Fame tells *Auguſta*'s ſtately height,
Great *Anna*'s Rule, and *Churchill*'s Wondrous Fight;
She then diſdains Proud *Carthage*'s Towring Walls,
Forgets her *Dido*'s, and her *Hannibals*.

Hail, Mighty Iſle! Whoſe Glorious Triumphs run
From Pole to Pole, from Eaſt to Weſtern Sun:
Your Martial Youths in Fields of Honour roam,
Whilſt you receive the Nerves of War at home.
See! How the Buſie Merchant Ploughs the Main,
In Veſſels big with weighty Heaps of Gain;
In ſafe Protection waſting o're the Seas,
(So *George*, Great Regent of the Deep, Decrees.)
Huge Loads of Wealth, the diſtant World's Encreaſe:
Whether Rich Wares, from *Indian* Countries brought,
Or Silken Pride, in *Perſian* Kingdoms wrought;
Or ſuch as *Smyrna* in our Navy ſtow'd,
When Daring *Rook* preſerv'd the Gainful Load:
Not Brighter Spoils Proud *Argo* brought to *Greece*,
Tho ſwell'd with Heroes, and a Golden Fleece.
Whate're the Fruitful Globe in Plenty gives,
Our Iſle the Tributary Wealth receives.
So the Great Ruler of the Briny Deep,
Within whoſe Womb an hundred *Nereids* ſleep,
As he in Triumph o're the Billows rides,
Receives his Vaſſal-Rivers flowing Tydes;
The Boiſtrous *Danube*, and the Rapid *Rhine*,
Whoſe diſtant Waves in *Anna*'s Praiſes joyn:
The wandring *Maeſe*, that gladly winding by,
Saw *Malbro*'s Arms with equal Swiftneſs fly.

Three Mighty Floods, whoſe lately reſcu'd Streams
Pay grateful Homage to Superiour *Thames.*

But tho kind *Neptune* takes in Foreign Waves,
The Pow'rful God no Foreign Water craves:
With unaſſiſted Force his Realm extends
Beyond the Globe, where Nature's Fabrick ends;
Yet this, this God to Sov'raign *Anna* bends.
So you, *Britannia*, ſelf-ſufficient ſtand,
With Native Products, tho your Couragious Hand
Can all the Bounties of the World command.
See! How your Fields in New-born Beauty riſe,
When vernal Breezes fan the Liquid Skies!
How Meadows ſhine, array'd in flowry Green,
Gay Nature's common, but delightful Scene:
Fat Paſturage for Warriers Prancing Steeds,
Such as Proud *Greece*, and Fruitful *Argos* breeds;
Such as whole Squadrons thro the *Danube* puſht,
And *Gallia*'s Pride with Trampling Fury cruſht.
What num'rous Flocks on Riſing Mountains range,
With Snowy Fleeces, *England*'s beſt exchange;
Mexican Kingdoms deſtin'd to array,
Barter'd for Products of the Wealthy *Bay*:
Sure *Jaſon*'s Prize to Faithleſs *Greece* ne'r came;
Britannia truly boaſts the *Golden Ram.*
But when Bright *Sol* his Warm Indulgence ſhoots,
What Beauteous Rows of *Ceres* ripen'd Fruits,
In graceful order crown their Mother-Soil;
The Peaſants Joy, the wondring Reapers Toil:
Welcome Subſiſtence to that ſcanty Land,
Where Yellow *Tagus* rowls his glitt'ring Sand.

Thus might our Iſle, in narrow bounds ſecur'd,
With Stony Cliffs and *Wooden Walls* immur'd,
In peaceful Eaſe in Plenty's Boſom reſt,
With Bounteous Stores of in-born Products bleſt:

But Warlike Zeal, to further Glories bent,
Deriv'd in Channels from a brave descent;
Such as inspir'd the Great *Cassivelan*,
Or in the Veins of Noble *Arthur* ran,
Bids us Espouse lost *Europe*'s sinking Cause,
Oppress with Fury and Tyrannick Laws:
Like stout *Alcides*, Crush the Monsters Pride,
Whose swelling Crest has Neighbour States defy'd,
And stem a fierce Elector's growing Tyde:
With brave Assistance save the *Imperial* Throne,
Relieve the *Father*, and Advance the *Son*.

At Honours Call the *British* Legions move
To such Exploits, becoming *Ann* and *Jove*;
Or such as *Ormond*'s Gallant Troops perform'd,
When *Rook* and he the guarded Barriers storm'd;
Where Massy Heaps of shining Treasure lay,
Once *India*'s Pride, now *England*'s Wealthy Prey.
The Conq'ring Navy to the Booty went,
And Burning Fury thro the Harbour sent;
While frighted Foes, to shun the flaming Fleet,
In neighb'ring Waves as sure Destruction meet;
The *Colchian* Spoils of two deluded Kings
The Faithful Hero to his Mistress brings;
Nor did *Medea*'s Artificial Charms
Direct our *Jason*, and Enforce his Arms,
'Twas Nat'ral Courage, and an *English* Heart,
Superiour to *Medea*'s Magick Art.

Yet cease, proud *Spain*, the Fatal Blow to grieve;
The Hands, that gave the Wound, the Wound retrieve;
The same *Britannic* Fleet, the Guide the same,
Conduct their Kings, (Ye Gods fulfill the Name!)
A Nobler Purchase than their Plunder'd Coin,
Or all the Riches of *Peruvia*'s Mine;
A Lawful Prince, that brings no *Gallick* Chain,
But Grateful Freedom, and a Peaceful Reign;

The Willing Youth, with *Anne*'s aſſiſting Force,
To promis'd Kingdoms ſteers a dang'rous courſe.
Methinks I ſee a wide extended row
Of Lofty Ships in Dreadful Order go;
Amidſt the Pomp a Royal Veſſel rides,
With Nymphs ſaluted on its Gilded ſides;
On this the *German* Eagle ſtretcht his Wing,
The Bird of *Charles*, the Bird of Heavens King;
With Mounting Flights the Wing'd Attendant ſoars,
Proclaiming Thunder to the *Spaniſh* Shores.

O Happy Iſle! Whoſe Blooming Honour ſprings
From Saving Countries, and Promoting Kings;
Your quick Surprize on *Calpe*'s Rocky height,
Confirm'd by Valiant *Rook*'s ſucceeding Fight,
Has *Anjou*'s Downfal more than half begun,
Portending Empire to Great *Auſtria*'s Son.

But tho our Arms in diſtant Kingdoms bear
The ſharpeſt Onſets of the Raging War,
Our Iſle no Wars, no fierce Contention knows,
But what within its Subjects Boſoms glows;
Contending who ſhall pleaſe their *Anna* moſt,
And largeſt Shares of Royal Favour boaſt:
But when *Britannia* views her Neighbour States,
Diſtreſt with various ſtorms of Angry Fates;
How Civil Broils, and Diſcords Jarring ſeeds
Confound the *Pole*, the *Saxon*, and the *Swedes*:
Where three mixt States in diff'rent Bands combine,
And Jumbled Int'reſts in Diſorder joyn.
How wide *Germania* felt a double Sting,
A Pow'rful Rebel, and an Hoſtile King;
Till *Malbro*'s Arm, in one Succeſsful Blow,
Vanquiſht the Rebel, and the Foreign Foe:
How Slaviſh *France*, oppreſs'd with Tyrants Laws,
A Gauling Load of Fetter'd Bondage draws:

How *Latian* States, from Ancient Freedom broke,
Drag an Inſulting Pontiff's Heavy Yoke:
How Stately *Venice*, tho a Neutral Land,
Feels the Fierce Ravage of *Bellona*'s Hand;
Such ſad ſurveys of Groaning States diſtreſs,
Encreaſe our Joy, enhance our Happineſs;
Thoſe Streams of Gore, that other Realms imbrue,
With Smiles we only in Reſemblance view;
A Pictur'd Siege, or *Danube*'s Colour'd Flood,
Diſtain'd in Artificial Veins of Blood;
A Battel drawn by *Verrio*'s Artful ſtroke,
And Cannonading Guns pretended Smoke;
A Painted *Bleinheim*, or a *Gibraltar*,
Or Fleets encountring in Fictitious War;
The lively Scene our heighten'd Fancy feeds,
Aſtoniſh'd at the Real Authors Deeds.
Anne's Peaceful Reign no Martial din abates,
But what Succeſs in Joyful Peals creates,
When Roaring Cannons play in harmleſs Flames,
And throw falſe Thunder to the liſtning *Thames*.
The Brazen Trump no chilling Clang repeats,
Nor ſullen Drum, in hoarſe Rebounding Beats,
Unleſs when both in Tuneful Conſort ſtrain,
To ſound the Triumphs of the laſt Campaign;
As when *Anne*'s Troops in graceful Cavalcade,
The Captive Standards thro the Streets diſplaid;
Whoſe fading Lillies yielding to the Air,
With drooping tops their Maſters Fate declare.

So Antient *Rome*, whom thouſand States obey'd,
When *Cæſar* her Imperial Scepter ſway'd,
To Friendly Kings her hardy Legions ſent,
And Tott'ring States a Noble Succour lent;
Herſelf in Peace receiv'd the Glorious Spoils,
The ſweet Returns of diſtant Heroes Toils.

The great Example *Britiſh* Arms outdo,
More Lawrels win, than e're in *Latium* grew;
If ſhe her *Cæſar*'s boaſts, we proudly ſhow
A more than *Cæſar* in a *Marlborough*:
But if ſhe Challenge the Poetick Bays,
Proud of her *Virgil*, and the *Mantuan* Lays;
Tho *Phœbus* ſeems our Northern Iſle to ſhun,
We boaſt a *Prior*, and an *Addiſon*;
Whoſe lofty ſoaring flights advance to ſing
A riſing *Princeſs*, and a falling *King*.
O! Would *Apollo* to my Breaſt infuſe
The Sprightly Genius of their daring Muſe,
I'd *Brittiſh* Heroes Ancient Glories ſing,
And *England*'s Honour down to *Anna* bring.

How *William*'s Fame in *Norman* Annals lives,
Whom Victory a Worthy Title gives;
Whoſe high Deſerts a Wondrous Reign began,
And thro a Noble Courſe of Conqueſts ran.

What Mighty Wars adorn'd Great *Harry*'s Reign,
Whoſe Arms advancing to the gentle *Seine*;
His Countrys Right to *Gallia*'s Throne renew'd,
And flying Troops to *Paris* Walls purſu'd.

How Brave *Eliza* dar'd the Church refine,
And Stamp Religion in a better Coyn:
What Manly Deeds the Royal Virgin wrought,
And Hect'ring *Spain* to low Submiſſion brought;
Proud *Philip*'s State reſolving to undo,
Sunk his *Armada*, and his Kingdom too.
Such were the Triumphs of a Womans Throne;
To be ſurmounted by our *Anne* alone.

And now, Great *Naſſau*, of a Fighting Race,
Thy Warlike Actions ſhould my Numbers grace;

Naſſa-

Naſſovian Laurels ſhou'd with *Britain*'s twine,
And *William*'s Name in *Engliſh* Records ſhine:
But *Anna* calls----My Thoughts to *Anna* tend,
For her my Song began, with her ſhall end.

Dread Sov'raign, Hail! By whoſe Retrieving Hands
The Drooping Church in Pureſt Luſtre ſtands;
The *Stuart*'s Brightneſs all-collected ſhine
In Thee, tho laſt, yet Greateſt of Thy Line:
A Train of Virtues at Your Royal ſide,
Adorn Your Preſence, and Your Counſels guide;
While Crouds of Heroes to Your Scepter yield
The Purchas'd Honours of the Bloody Field;
That Bloody Field, where *Europe*'s Fortune lay,
Waiting th' Event of that, once Doubtful, Day;
Till you, Brave *Churchill*, made the Ballance riſe
Mounting Victorious to the Wondring Skies;
Embattell'd Troops reſign'd to Fate and You,
Offer their Enſigns and their Bearers too;
Griev'd to Submit to that Deciſive Stroke,
That *Bourbon*'s Univerſal Empire broke.

Unhappy *Lewis*! Whoſe Declining Years
Will ſet in Horror and Regretful Tears;
To ſee the Glory of the *Gallick* Pride
Its ſinking Head in ſhameful Ruin hide,
To ſee *Iberia*'s lately Raviſht Throne
Fall firſt, to be a Prelude to your own.
For (if Gods Juſtice any Vengeance brings
On Perjur'd Tyrants, and Perfidious Kings,)
The Wretched Prince, expos'd to Hateful Scorn,
Muſt ſee his Laurels from his Temples torn;
Like *Æſop*'s Lion, feel avenging Blows
From Injur'd Monarchs, and Offended Foes.

Whilst You, Great *Ann*, a Lasting Pile advance,
Hung with the Trophies of a Conquer'd *France*:
'Twas You alone could *Austria*'s House renew,
Preserve *Æneas*, and *Iulus* too;
Your Hands, like *Jove*'s, have Awful Thunder hurl'd
At *Giant Rebels*, and Command the World.

FINIS.